



SYNOPSIS.

Enid Maitland, a frank, free and unspoiled young Philadelphia girl, is taken to the Colorado mountains by her uncle, Robert Maitland. James Armstrong, Maitland's protégé, falls in love with her. His persistent wooing irritates the girl, but she hesitates, and Armstrong goes east on business without a definite answer. Enid hears the story of a mining engineer, Newbold, whose wife fell off a cliff and was so seriously hurt that he was compelled to shoot her to prevent her being eaten by wolves while he went for help. Kirkby, the old guide who tells the story, gives Enid a package of letters which he says were found on the dead woman's body. She reads the letters and at Kirkby's request keeps them. While bathing in mountain stream Enid is attacked by a bear, which is mysteriously shot. A storm adds to the girl's terror. A sudden deluge transforms the stream into a raging torrent, which sweeps Enid into a gorge, where she is rescued by a mountain hermit after a thrilling experience. Campers in great confusion upon discovering Enid's absence when the storm breaks, Maitland and Old Kirkby go in search of the girl. Enid discovers that her ankle is sprained and that she is unable to walk. Her mysterious rescuer carries her to his camp.

CHAPTER IX (Continued).

He did not make any apology for his next action, he just stooped down and, disregarding her faint protests and objections, picked her up in his arms. She was by no means a light burden, and he did not run away with her as the heroes of romances do. But he was a man far beyond the average in strength, and with a stout heart and a resolute courage that had always carried him successfully through whatever he attempted, and he had need of all his qualities, physical and mental, before he finished that awful journey.

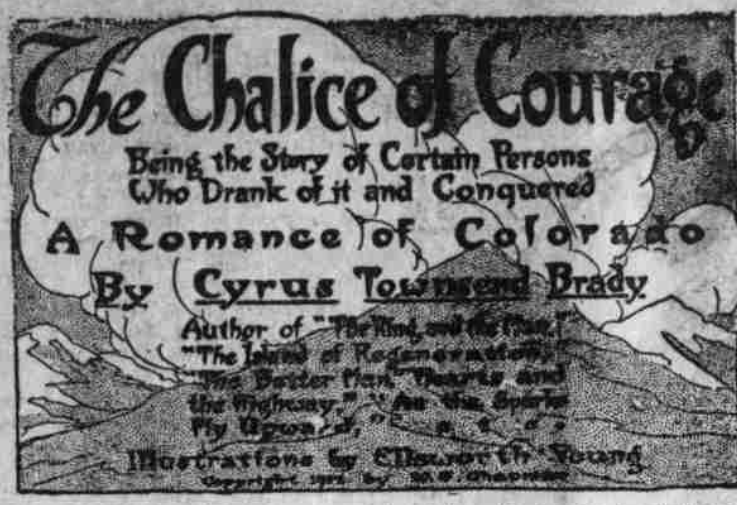
The woman struggled a little at first, then finally resigned herself to

that day the sweat stood out on his forehead, his legs trembled under him. How he made the last five hundred feet up the steep wall to a certain broad shelf perhaps an acre in extent where he had built his hut among the mountains, he never knew; but the last remnant of his force was spent when he finally opened the unlatched door with his foot, carried her in the log hut and laid her upon the bed or bunk built against one wall of the cabin.

Yet the way he put her down was characteristic of the man. That last vestige of strength had served him well. He did not drop her as a less thoughtful and less determined man might have done, he laid her there as gently and as tenderly as if she weighed nothing, and as if he had carried her nowhere. So quiet and easy was his handling of her that she did not wake up at once.

So soon as she was out of his arms, he stood up and stared at her in great alarm, which soon gave way to reassurance. She had not fainted, there was a little tinge of color in her cheek that had rubbed up against his rough hunting coat; she was asleep, her regular breathing told him that. Sleep was of course the very best of medicines for her, and yet she should not be allowed to sleep until she had got rid of her wet clothing and until something had been done for her wounded foot. It was indeed an embarrassing situation.

He surveyed her for a few moments wondering how best to begin. Then realizing the necessity for immediate action, he bent over her and woke her



gaze with his own. "I am a woman, absolutely alone, entirely at your mercy; you are stronger than I, I have no choice but to do what you bid me. And in addition to the natural weakness of my sex I am the more helpless from this foot. What do you intend to do with me? How do you mean to treat me?"

It was a bold, a splendid question, and it evoked the answer it merited. "As God is my Judge," said the man quietly, "just as you ought to be treated, as I would want another to treat my mother, or my sister, or my wife"—she noticed how curiously his lips suddenly tightened at that word—"if I had one. I never harmed a woman in my life," he continued more earnestly, "only one, that is," he corrected himself, and once again she marked that peculiar contraction of the lips. "And I could not help that," he added.

"I trust you," said the girl at last, after gazing at him long and hard as if to search out the secrets of his very soul. "You have saved my life and things dearer will be safe with you. I have to trust you."

"I hope," came the quick comment, "that it is not only for that. I don't want to be trusted upon compulsion." "You must have fought terribly for my life in the flood," was the answer. "I can remember what it was, now, and you carried me over the rocks and the mountains without faltering. Only a man could do what you have done. I trust you anyway."

"Thank you," said the man briefly as he bent over the injured foot again. The boot laced up the front, the short skirt left all plainly visible. With deft fingers he undid the sudden knot and unlaced it, then stood hesitatingly for a moment.

"I don't like to cut your own pair of shoes," he said as he made a slight motion to draw it off, and then observing the spasm of pain, stopped. "Needs must," he continued, taking out his knife and sitting the leather.

He did it very carefully so as not to ruin the boot beyond repair, and finally succeeded in getting it off without giving her too much pain. And she was not so tired or so miserable as to be unaware of his gentleness. His manner, matter of fact, business like, if he had been a doctor one would have called it professional, distinctly pleased her in this trying and unusual position. Her stocking was stained with blood. The man rose to his feet, took from a rude home-made chair a light Mexican blanket and laid it considerably across the girl.

"Now if you can manage to get off your stocking yourself, I will see what can be done," he said, turning away.

It was the work of a few seconds for her to comply with his request. Hanging the wet stocking carefully over a chair back, he drew back the blanket a little and carefully inspected the poor little foot. He saw at once that it was not an ordinary sprained ankle, but it seemed to him that her foot had been caught between two tossing logs, and had been badly bruised. It was very painful, but would not take so long to heal as a sprain. The little foot, normally so white, was now black and blue and the skin had been roughly torn and broken. He brought a basin of cold water and a towel and washed off the blood, the girl fighting down the pain and successfully stifling any outcry.

"Now," he said, "you must put on this gown and get into bed. By the time you are ready for it I will have some broth for you and then we will bandage that foot. I shall not come in here for some time, you will be quite alone and safe."

He turned and left the room, shutting the door after him as he went out. For a second time that day Enid Maitland undressed herself and this time nervously and in great haste. She was almost too excited and apprehensive to recall the painful circumstances attendant upon her first disrobing. She said she trusted the man absolutely, yet she would not have been human if she had not looked most anxiously toward that closed door. He made plenty of noise in the other room, bustling about as if to reassure her.

She could not rest the weight of her body on her left foot, and getting rid of her wet clothes was a somewhat slow process in spite of her hurry, made more so by her extreme nervousness. The gown he gave her was far too big for her, but soft and warm and exquisitely clean. It draped her sordid garments where they had fallen, for she was not equal to anything else, she wrapped herself in the folds of the big gown and managed to get into bed. For all its rude appearance it was a very comfortable sleeping place; there were springs and a good mattress. The unbleached sheets were clean, although they had been rough dried; there was a delicious sense of comfort and rest in her position. She had scarcely com-

posed herself when he knocked loud upon her door.

"May I come in?" he asked. When she bade him enter she saw he had in his hand a saucenpan full of some steaming broth. She wondered how he had made it in such a hurry, but after he poured it into a granite ware cup and offered it to her, she took it without question. It was thick, warming and nourishing. He stood by her and insisted that she take more and more. Finally she rebelled.

"Well, perhaps that will do for tonight," he said; now let's have a look at your foot."

She observed that he had laid on the table a long roll of white cloth; she could not know that he had torn up one of his sheets to make bandages, but so it was. He took the little foot tenderly in his hands.

"I am going to hurt you," he said. "I am going to find out if there is anything more than a bruise, any bones broken."

There was no denying that he did pain her exquisitely.

"I can't help it," he said as she cried aloud, "I have got to see what's the matter. I am almost through now."

"Go on, I can bear it," she said faintly. "I feel so much better, anyway, now that I am dry and warm."

"So far as I can determine," said the man at last, "it is only a bad, ugly bruise; the skin is torn, it has been battered, but it is neither sprained nor broken, and I don't think it is going to be very serious. Now I am going to bathe it in the hottest water you can bear, and then I will bandage it and let you go to sleep."

He went out and came back with a kettle of boiling water, with which he laved again and again the poor, torn, battered little member. Never in her life had anything been so grateful as these repeated applications of hot water. After a while he applied a healing lotion of some kind, then he took his long roll of bandage and wound it dexterously around her foot, not drawing it too close to prevent circulation, but just tight enough for support, then as he finished she drew it back beneath the cover.

"Now," said he, "there is nothing more I can do for you tonight, is there?"

"Nothing."

"I want you to go to sleep now, you will be perfectly safe here. I am going down the canon to search—"

"No," said the girl apprehensively. "I dare not be left alone here; besides I know how dangerous it would be for you to try to descend the canon in this rain; you have risked enough for me, you must wait until the morning; I shall feel better then."

"But think of the anxiety of your friends."

"I can't help it," was the nervous reply. "I am afraid to be left alone here at night."

Her voice trembled; he was fearful she would have a nervous breakdown. "Very well," he said soothingly, "I will not leave you till the morning."

"Where will you stay?"

"I'll make a shakedown for myself in the store room," he answered, "I shall be right within call at any time."

It had grown dark outside by this time and the two in the log hut could barely see each other.

"I think I shall light the fire," continued the man, "it will be sort of company for you and it gets cold up here nights at this season. I shouldn't wonder if this rain turned into snow. Besides, it will dry your clothes for you."

Then he went over to the fireplace, struck a match, touched it to the kindling under the huge logs already prepared, and in a moment a cheerful blaze was roaring up through the chimney. Then he picked up from the floor where she had cast them in a heap her bedraggled garments. He straightened them out as best he could, hung them over the backs of chairs and the table, which he drew as near to the fire as was safe. Having completed this unwelcome task he turned to the woman who had watched him curiously and nervously the while.

"Is there anything more that I can do for you?"

"Nothing. You have been as kind and as gentle as you were strong and brave."

He threw his hand out with a deprecating gesture.

"Are you quite comfortable?"

"Yes."

"And your foot?"

"Seems very much better."

"Good night, then. I will call you in the morning."

"Good night," said the girl gratefully, "and God bless you for a true and noble man."

CHAPTER X.

On the Two Sides of the Door.

The cabin contained a large and a small room. In the wall between them there was a doorway closed by an ordinary batten door with a wood-

en latch and no lock. Closed it served to hide the occupant of one room from the view of the other, otherwise it was but a feeble protection. Even had it possessed a lock, a vigorous man could have burst it through in a moment.

These thoughts did not come very clearly to Enid Maitland. Few thoughts of any kind came to her. Where she lay she could see plainly the dancing light of the glorious fire. She was warm, the deftly wrapped bandage, the healing lotion upon her foot, had greatly relieved the pain in that wounded member. The bed was hard but comfortable, much more so than the sleeping bags to which of late she had been accustomed.

Few women had gone through such experiences, mental and physical, as had befallen her within the last few hours and lived to tell the story. Had it not been for the exhaustive strains of body and spirit to which she had been subjected, her mental faculties would have been on the alert and the strangeness of her unique position would have made her so nervous that she could not have slept.

For the time being, however, the physical demands upon her entity were paramount; she was dry, she was warm, she was fed, she was free from anxiety and she was absolutely unutterably weary. Her thoughts were vague, inchoate, unconcentrated. The fire wavered before her eyes, she closed them in a few moments and did not open them.

Without a thought, without a care, she fell asleep. Her repose was complete, not a dream even disturbed the profound slumber into which she

Albeit the room was smaller than the other, it was still of a good size. He walked nervously up and down from one end to the other as ceaselessly as a wild animal impatient of captivity stalks the narrow limits of his contracted cage. The even tenor of his life had suddenly been diverted. The ordinary sequence of his days had been abruptly changed. The privacy of five years which he had hoped and dreamed might exist as long as he, had been rudely broken in upon. Humanity, which he had avoided, from which he had fled, which he had cast away forever, had found him. Abilt, excessit, evasit, eruptit! And, lo, his departures were all in vain! The world with all its grandeur and its insignificance, with all its powers and its weaknesses, with all its opportunities and its obligations, with all its joys and its sorrows, had knocked at his door; and that the knocking hand was that of a woman, had added to his perplexity and to his dismay.

He had cherished a dream that he could live to himself alone with but a memory to bear him company, and from that dream he had been thunderously awakened. Everything was changed. What had once been easy had now become impossible. He might send her away, but though he swore her to secrecy she would have to tell her story and something of it; the world would learn some of it and seek him out with insatiable curiosity to know the rest.

Eyes as keen as his would presently search and scrutinize the mountains where he had roamed alone. They would see what he had seen, find what he had found. Mankind,

And tanny a girl who starts out with the intention of making a name for herself winds up by turning the job over to some man.

YOU CAN CURE CATARRH By using Cole's Catarrh Remedy. It is a most effective remedy. All druggists. 25 and 50c.

Sounds So.

"How odd that man cleaning the machinery talks."

"How do you mean?"

"I heard him telling his helper to save the waste."

Easy.

"I put the wrong couples together at that dinner and I don't know what to do about my mistakes."

"Why, re-pair them."

Where He Balked.

"She has a terrible time with her husband."

"Yes, she is driving him to drink."

"Nonsense! If she was driving him to drink things would be different; she's trying to drive him the other way."

Too Much Renunciation.

"How foolish you women are," said Mr. Nagg to his better half. "You don't catch men doing such things as joining 'Don't Worry' clubs."

"Of course not," snapped Mrs. Nagg. "Men couldn't give up the pleasure of worrying their wives."

Diplomacy.

"Mrs. Jinks always has such a good time when she goes anywhere. How does she manage to convey the impression she is a widow?"

"She always makes an allusion to her tardy husband as 'my late husband.'"

Too Much of a Good Thing.

"I was very happy," said the professor, "when, after years of wooing, she finally said 'Yes.'"

"But why did you break the engagement so soon after?" asked his friend.

"Man, it was she that dissolved it."

"Really?" said his friend. "How did that happen?"

"It was due to my accused absent-mindedness. When, a few days later, I called at her home, I again asked her to marry me."

Everybody in Hard Luck.

Suddenly he stepped up to a gentleman, who was waiting for the tram, and, tapping him lightly on the shoulder, said: "Excuse me, but did you drop a five-pound note?" at the same time holding out in his hand the article.

The gentleman questioned gazed a moment at the note, assumed an anxious look, made a hasty search of his pockets, and said: "Why, so I did, and I hadn't missed it," holding out an eager hand.

The elderly hunter took the name and address of the loser and, putting the note in his pocket, turned away.

"Well," said the other, "do you want it all as a reward?"

"Oh, I did not find one," remarked the benevolent one with another beam; "but it struck me that in a big place like London there must be a quantity of money lost, and upon inquiry I found that you are the one hundred and thirty-first man who lost a five-pound note this morning."—London Answers.

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Change of Food Brought Success and Happiness.

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"From infancy," she says, "I have not been strong. Being ambitious to learn at any cost I finally got to the High School, but soon had to abandon my studies on account of nervous prostration and hysteria."

"My food did not agree with me, I grew thin and despondent. I could not enjoy the simplest social affair for I suffered constantly from nervousness in spite of all sorts of medicines."

"This wretched condition continued until I was twenty-five, when I became interested in the letters of those who had cases like mine and who were getting well by eating Grape-Nuts."

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"I had a new feeling and peace and restfulness. In a few weeks, to my great joy, the headaches and nervousness left me and life became bright and hopeful. I resumed my studies and later taught ten months with ease and success using Grape-Nuts every day. It is now four years since I began to use Grape-Nuts, I am the mistress of a happy home, and the old weakness has never returned." Name given by the Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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He Stared at Her in Great Alarm.

the situation; indeed, she thought swiftly, there was nothing else to do, she had no choice, she could not have been left alone there in the rocks in that rain, she could not walk. He was doing the only thing possible. The compulsion of the inevitable was upon them both.

They went slowly, the man often stopped for rest, at which times he would seat her tenderly upon some prostrate tree, or some rounded boulder, until he was ready to resume his task. He did not bother her with explanation, discussion or other conversation, for which she was most thankful. Once or twice during the slow progress she tried to walk, but the slightest pressure on her wounded foot nearly caused her to faint. He made no complaint about his burden and she found it, after all, pleasant to be upheld by such powerful arms; she was so sick, so tired, so worn out, and there was such assurance of strength and safety in his firm hold of her.

By and by, in the last stage of their journey, her head dropped on his shoulder and she actually fell into an uneasy troubled sleep. He did not know whether she slumbered or whether she had fainted again. He did not dare to stop to find out, his strength was almost spent; in this last effort the strain upon his muscles was almost as great as it had been in the whirlpool. For the second time

up. Again she stared at him in bewilderment until he spoke.

"This is my house," he said, "we are home."

"Home!" sobbed the girl.

"Under shelter, then," said the man. "You are very tired and very sleepy, but there is something to be done; you must take off those wet clothes at once, you must have something to eat, and I must have a look at that foot, and then you can have your sleep out."

The girl stared at him, his program, if a radical one under the circumstances, was nevertheless a rational one, indeed the only one. How was it to be carried out? The man easily divined her thoughts.

"There is another room in this house, a store room. I cook in there," he said. "I am going in there now to get you something to eat; meanwhile you must undress yourself and go to bed."

He went to a rude set of box-like shelves draped with a curtain, apparently his own handiwork, against the wall, and brought from it a long and somewhat shapeless woolen gown.

"You can wear this to sleep in," he continued. "First of all, though, I am going to have a look at that foot."

He bent down to where her wounded foot lay extended on the bed.

"Wait," said the girl, lifting herself on her arm, and as she did so he lifted his head and answered her direct

They are pawned now for \$900. They have been there one month and no ticket was given. I have used up the \$900 for general purposes.

"The biggest part of the rest is in the house in the shape of furnishing—one set of furniture cost \$550; piano was \$850—that is, \$350 in money was paid in exchange of an old one. The carpet I bought cost at least \$500. Then there was a chamber set I bought costing \$260. There was a china set, bought in Brooklyn—all the set might have cost \$125 and might

have been over. I bought silver at the same place—it might have been \$150 and perhaps more.

"I bought the gas fixtures for the house—they were \$260. I have the bill of them. I bought what clothing I use of us have had. I have bills of all of them in items. They amount to \$190 and more. I have four children."

The confession then goes into details about small items, and closes:

"I have bought Havana lottery tickets of Jackson & Co. I bought as

many as 20 tickets—at \$40 each. I don't remember anything more."

The Mother's Touch.

A faint odor of chloroform perfumed the crowded street car and the passengers watched in sympathy a pair seated near the door. He was an overgrown boy of 12, neatly but poorly dressed. His eyes were bandaged and his head rested on his mother's knee. She was thin and faded and tired looking, and the moist handker-

chief clasped in her cotton gloved hands told a mother's heart had been bleeding. Suddenly the boy drew a long, quivering breath, as if waking up to the cruel realization of pain. Everybody gazed at him now. His head rolled uneasily, his hand groped restlessly until it was clasped in his mother's, then he was quiet, again. Such a little, simple gesture, but it made every man and woman in the car akin. Sometime in an hour of pain they, too, had sought mother's hand for comfort.

gold-lustre, would swarm and hive upon the hills and fight and love and breed and die. Great God!

He could of course move on, but where? And went he whithersoever he might, he would now of necessity carry with him another memory which would not dwell within his mind in harmony with the memory which until that day had been paramount there alone.

Slowly, laboriously, painfully, he had built his house upon the sand, and the winds had blown and the floods had come, not only in a literal but in spiritual significance, and in one day that house had fallen. He stood amid the wrecked remains of it trying to recreate it, to endow once more with the fitted precision of the past the shapeless broken units of the fabric of his fond imagination.

While he resented the fierce, savage, passionate intensity the interruption of this woman into his life. While he throbbled with equal intensity and almost as much passion at the thought of her.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

She Did.

"Do you, my sisters," demanded the exhorter, "draw the line between the clean and the soiled in life?"

"I do," replied one member of the flock, timidly; "every Monday morn-

ing."

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